

# RURAL REPOSITORY,

A Semi-monthly Journal, Devoted to Useful Literature;

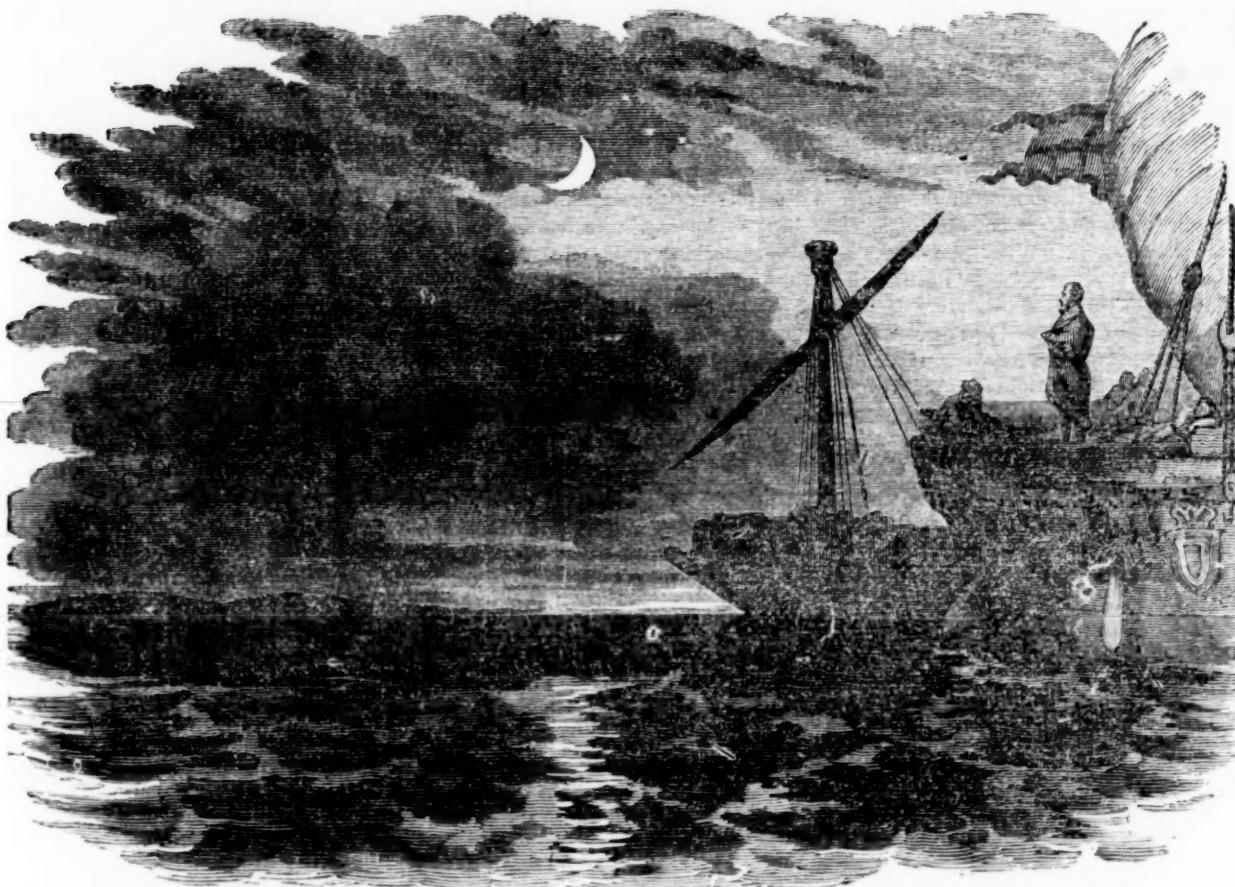
Such as Moral and Sentimental Tales, Original Communications, Biography, Traveling Sketches, Amusing Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes, Poetry, &c. &c.

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## Columbus, on the Evening before the Discovery of America.



For the Rural Repository.

### COLUMBUS.

The history of Columbus the great navigator—the glorious discoverer of America, is as familiar to the generality of our readers as "household words." It would exceed the limits of our pages to follow the sanguine and daring Genoese, the humble son of a wool-comber, through all the stages of his adventurous career, till by the efforts of his mighty genius and determined spirit, after numerous and trying vicissitudes and vexations, he rose to be the companion and friend of monarchs—one whom the fair and the noble delighted to honor. It is sufficient that, after enduring poverty and scorn, being stigmatized as a visionary and a madman—after the lapse of years from the first promulgation of his great project of discovery, and when it had successively been laid before the principal potentates of Europe, as well as the government of his own native republic, Genoa—when sickening with the pains of "hope deferred" that the generous and magnanimous spirit of Isabella of Castile, prompted her, in spite of the coldness of Ferdinand, to stand forth as his patron saint. With the enthu-

siasm of a noble mind, one worthy of the cause she had espoused, she exclaimed, "I undertake the enterprise for my own crown of Castile and will pledge my jewels to raise the necessary funds." The impetus once given, by the fiat of royalty, the word was, onward! and Columbus was soon on his way to the new world.

The above plate represents this great man, after having been encompassed with perils, by sea and by land—penetrating seas before untraversed by man—struggling with secret cabal and open mutiny, as standing, on the evening before the long wished for discovery of land, on the deck of his own vessel, the Santa Maria, a prey to the most intense anxiety, eagerly watching for the least indication of land.

"He was," says Irving, "now at open defiance with his crew, and his situation would have been desperate, but fortunately, the manifestations of land on the following day were such as no longer to admit a doubt. A green fish, such as keeps about rocks, swam by the ships; and a branch of thorn with berries on it, floated by; they picked up, also, a reed, a small board, and, above all a

staff artificially carved. All gloom and murmuring was now at an end, and throughout the day each one was on the watch for the long sought land.

"In the evening, when according to custom, the mariners had sung the *salve regina*, or vesper hymn to the virgin, Columbus made an impressive address to his crew, pointing out the goodness of God in thus conducting them by soft and favoring breezes across a tranquil ocean to the promised land. He expressed a strong confidence of making land that very night and ordered that a vigilant look-out should be kept from the forecastle, promising to whomsoever should make the discovery, a doublet of velvet, in addition to the pension to be given by the sovereigns.

The breeze had been fresh all day, with more sea than usual;

at sunset they stood again to the west, and were ploughing the waves at a rapid rate, the Pinta keeping the lead from her superior sailing. The greatest animation prevailed throughout the ships; not an eye was closed that night. As the evening darkened, Columbus took his station on the top of the castle or cabin on the high poop of his vessel. However he might carry a cheerful and confident countenance during the day, it was to him a time of the most painful anxiety; and now when he was wrapped from observation by the shades of night, he maintained an intense and unremitting watch, ranging his eye along the dusky horizon, in search of the most vague indications of land. Suddenly, about ten o'clock, he thought he beheld a light glimmering at a distance. Fearing that his eager hopes might deceive him, he called to Pedro Gutierrez, gentleman of the king's bedchamber, and demanded whether he saw a light in that direction; the latter replied in the affirmative. Columbus, yet doubtful whether it might not be some delusion of the fancy, called Rodrigo Sanchez of Segovia, and made the same inquiry. By the time the latter had ascended the round house,

the light had disappeared. They saw it once or twice afterwards in sudden and passing gleams, as if it were a torch in the bark of a fisherman, rising and sinking with the waves; or in the hands of some person on shore, borne up and down as he walked from house to house. So transient and uncertain were those gleams, that few attached any importance to them; Columbus, however, considered them as certain signs of land, and, moreover, that the land was inhabited.

"They continued on their course until two in the morning, when a gun from the *Pinta* gave the joyful signal of land. It was first discovered by a mariner named Rodriguez Bermijo, resident of *Triana*, a suburb of Seville, but a native of *Alcala de la Gaudaria*; but the reward was afterwards adjudged to the admiral for having previously perceived the light. The land was now clearly seen about two leagues distant, whereupon they took in sail, and laid to, waiting impatiently for the dawn.

"The thoughts and feelings of Columbus in this little space of time must have been tumultuous and intense. At length, in spite of every difficulty and danger, he had accomplished his object. The great mystery of the ocean was revealed; his theory, which had been the scoff of sages, was triumphantly established; he had secured to himself a glory which must be as durable as the world itself.

"It is difficult even for the imagination to conceive the feelings of such a man, at the moment of so sublime a discovery. What a bewildering crowd of conjectures must have thronged upon his mind, as to the land which lay before him, covered with darkness! That it was fruitful was evident from the vegetables which floated from its shores. He thought, too, that he perceived in the balmy air the fragrance of aromatic groves. The moving light which he had beheld, proved that it was the residence of man. But what were its inhabitants? were they like those of other parts of the globe; or were they some strange and monstrous race, such as the imagination in those times was prone to give to all remote and unknown regions? Had he come upon some wild island, far in the Indian seas; or was this the famed *Cipango* itself, the object of his golden fancies? A thousand speculations of the kind must have swarmed upon him, as he watched for the night to pass away; wondering whether the morning light would reveal a savage wilderness, or dawn upon spicy groves, and glittering fane and gilded cities, and all the splendors of oriental civilization?"

But we must close this article, dropping a tear to the memory of Columbus, with the sad reflection of the instability of human greatness—the evanescence of earthly glory. The vista of future years, that now appeared so radiant to the vision of Columbus, was destined at its latter end to be overshadowed in gloom. Through treachery and ingratitude, he was suffered to pine out his last days in despondency and sorrow—the victim of poverty and neglect.

**A VALUABLE PRESCRIPTION.**—A gentleman gave his wife a dollar a day for every day she did not complain of ill-health. If she uttered any complaint her wages were stopped for that day. She was completely cured by this treatment.

### SELECT TALES.

#### THE GUNSMITH OF ORLEANS, Or the Dead Woman's Secret.

BY MRS. ELIZA SHERIDAN.

[Continued.]

*Chapter Second.—The Mother.*

THE Baroness Decourcey was seated in one of the splendidly furnished apartments of her mansion, at a table covered with parchments, deeds, &c. Opposite to her was the Counsellor Preval, father of Count Preval, who that morning was to go through the ceremony of betrothal to the baroness' daughter Leonie. The intended bride was in a remote part of the room, lounging on a crimson fauteuil, like a petted child, examining a casket of bridal jewels, and calling the attention of her cousin by frequent appeals to his taste in regard to the shape and setting of various pearls and diamonds, now thrown like toys into her lap. She was a light, fairy looking creature, scarce sixteen, with bright blue eyes, and hair like rays of sunshine. Her cousin, Henry Decourcey, and Theodore Preval stood by humoring and flattering the childlike beauty, whose loud peals of laughter would now and then draw a reproach from the baroness, who was employed in the settlement of her daughter's articles of marriage.

The count looked at his watch, and remembered an engagement that he had at a particular hour, at a particular coffee-house, and in making an apology for his absence, he betrayed more confusion than the occasion required.—Henry proposed joining him as far as the coffee-house, which proposition was not cordially acknowledged by the count. The counsellor having finished his business with the baroness, now rose to take leave, and the three gentleman promising to return before the hour appointed for the notary's attendance, respectfully took their departure.

A liveried servant announced to the baroness that a priest, by name Antoine, desired to speak to her ladyship.

"Admit him," said the baroness.

"O, mamma!" cried Leonie, "perhaps it is the curate of St. Roche, who has come to attend the ceremony.—O, dear mamma, order a grand chorus to be sung; and have me married before the grand altar! it will be so delightful!"

"I have given orders for the ceremony as befits your rank, Leonie, and you will find I have not been unmindful of the decorations on the occasion.

The servant announced Father Antoine, then retired. The good man bowed to the baroness, at the same time steadfastly fixing his eye upon her.

The baroness remarking his scrutinizing air, assuming a dignified tone, requested to know the motive of his unexpected visit.

"That voice! 'Tis she!" muttered the priest to himself, then turning to the baroness, he continued, "I perceive your memory does not serve your ladyship to retrace a single recollection of me."

"Have we ever met before?" inquired the baroness.

"Once before, madam, under peculiar and impressive circumstances."

The baroness looked steadfastly at the priest.

"My memory seems confused: I *may* have seen you, holy father, but *where* or *when*, baffles my every effort to remember." Leonie here approached her mother. "Mamma, perhaps it is the priest who married you to papa?"

"Your daughter?" inquired the priest.

"Yes, sir, I am mamma's daughter, and I'm going to be married soon! That's what brought you here, isn't it? And you're the curate of St. Roche, 'aint you?"

"Pardon me mademoiselle, I was entirely ignorant of your approaching marriage, nor am I the curate of St. Roche—I have been the last twenty years, vicar of Belville!"

"Of Belville!" echoed the baroness.

"I wish, madam," said Father Antoine, "to obtain *now* or *hereafter*, as may best suit your convenience a short but private interview."

"Well, sir," replied the baroness, "I will avail myself of the present time to be at liberty, and alone, as you request. Leonie, my love, leave us."

The door closed upon Leonie, and the priest and titled lady confronted each other. There was a pause; Father Antoine broke silence. "You are married, madam, where is your husband?"

"I am a widow," was the answer.

"Is the young lady that just left us the *only* child you have? My question I see surprises, perhaps offends you; hear me, madam. 'Tis now many years since I became curate of the humble chapel of Belville. One night, eighteen years ago, the second Sunday after Christmas, I had just finished vespers; the church was empty, and I was about leaving the sacristy, when a young female threw herself on her knees before me; she spoke not, but extended her hand which contained a written paper. It was evening, but a lamp yet burned in the church. I approached it, and as nearly as I can recollect, read these words:—

"To-morrow, by my father's command, I am to wed. I dare not approach the altar without first having received absolution for a crime I have hitherto concealed. Will you then, holy father, hear my confession at ten o'clock to-night, at which hour I shall be punctual.

Signed,

A PENITENT."

The baroness could scarcely conceal her emotion, and in a low tone, requested him to go on.

"At ten o'clock that night she came. I heard her confession. She—"

"Hold! hold!" exclaimed the baroness, "do not repeat that confession!"

"Madam, that confession is a secret between the sinner and the Almighty!—and to the ear of the confessor—*sacred!* If my *penitent* has forgotten it, so have I, and the secret rests with Heaven alone! If guided by chance, or the power of humanity, I could inform a mother—doubtless an unhappy mother, of the fate of her lost child."

"O, God, proceed! proceed!" exclaimed the baroness with a shriek of mingled joy and fright. "I am that *penitent*! But do not, ah! do not betray me."

"Betray you! never. I wish to console a mother's heart, for much I fear she has suffered."

"O father, if I have not to grieve for the death of my child, I shall feel less like the guilty wretch I thought myself. Speak! does my daughter live?"

"She does."

"The proof! the proof!"

"'Tis here!" the priest handed the certificate and penciled note to the baroness.

"Evelina! 'Tis she; 'tis she!—Father, explain to me how you found these documents.

"I was sent for to attend the death bed of the woman who found your child."

"She was *found*! and lives?" exclaimed the baroness. "Oh! of what a burden of remorse you have relieved me, Father."

"Then you will own your child? inquired the good Father."

The baroness paused—then spoke.

"'Tis my *wish* to act from the dictates of my heart. Can you comprehend the cruel, imperious duty I am called on to fulfill. Can I brave public opinion? become a mark for scorn and cold contempt to point at! No! no! I must remember what is due to my name, my rank and Leonie. You would not exact from me that which the honest pride of a woman renders it impossible for her to perform."

"'Tis for your heart alone to decide this struggle between your pride and the world! Thus much I feel myself bound to say that your daughter Evelina would not disgrace the palace of a monarch."

Leonie's voice was heard calling outside the door.

"I want to say a word to you, dear mamma."

The baroness hastened to admit her, appealing to Father Antoine to remember her honor was in his hands, and depended on his silence.

"Dear mamma, excuse my interrupting you, but the day is going, Theodore will soon be here! Madam Dumas has come with my dresses, and they are so *beautiful*; but that's not what I came to tell you; who do you think has come with Madam Dumas?—Why that pretty girl, that had the sick brother in Orleans, works for Madam Dumas; shall I go and bring her to see you, mamma?"

The baroness acquiesced and Leonie instantly disappeared.

The baroness hurriedly addressed Father Antoine.

"You perceived we cannot longer continue a conversation, to me, so deeply interesting. I do not forget I am a mother; then assist me, Father, in my good resolves. Favor me by joining the wedding guests to day, and we will confer further on the subject."

"I shall be here, madam as you request; depend upon my assistance in aught that may serve yourself and child."

And Father Antoine took his departure till the hour of four.

The baroness was alone.

"Gracious Providence! after eighteen years she's found! My child is found! My astonishment has almost extinguished the joy of a mother!—Tears! No! no! Nature, strong and wonderful is paramount here! some one comes! Oh! trying task, I must conceal my emotion!"

Leonie advanced, preceded by Madam Dumas

and Cephise. The baroness extended her hand to Cephise, and inquired how her brother was.

"Well, quite well, Madam, your kindness saved his life, for which I can only return you my grateful heartfelt thanks!"

"I feel a thousand times repaid in finding my friendship was not unworthily bestowed; and so my girl, industry and good behaviour have repaired your circumstances, and relieved you from your trouble?"

"Your kindness, Madam, has been the means of our attaining our present contentment and happiness," modestly remarked Cephise.

Leonie in the mean time was examining the dresses.

"See, mamma, how very beautiful! I'm sure Theodore will be pleased with them! they are indeed worthy of the bride of Count Preval."

"Heavens!" inadvertently cried Cephise.

The baroness saw the start which accompanied the explanation, and demanded the cause: inquiring of Cephise if she had ever seen Count Theodore Preval.

Cephise replied, "Never, Madam, nor ever heard his name till yesterday; I intreat you not to question me before your daughter, but give me a few moments alone."

The baroness desired Leonie to accompany Madam Dumas to the dressing room, and Cephise should attend her in a few moments.

Leonie departed, followed by Madam Dumas. The baroness addressed Cephise.

"We are alone, Cephise, now explain to me the reason of your exclamation at the mention of Count Preval's name."

Cephise trembled for fear of committing a fault in revealing a secret that chance alone made known to her; but urged as she was by the baroness, she related all she had heard from her brother, concerning the count's intentions on the young sempstress; and having finished her communication the baroness inquired if that was all she knew regarding the count? All! thought Cephise, 'tis enough.

"I thank you Cephise, for your good intentions; it was of importance that I should know this little intrigue, in order to put a stop to it. The count is wrong, decidedly wrong, but so trivial an offence must not be the means of breaking off a marriage of interest and affection; the whole affair is only the caprice of a young man of fashion!"

"But suppose, madam, the count really loves this poor sempstress, and yet marries Mademoiselle Leonie?"

"In that case he will soon forget the sempstress."

"And the poor sempstress, madam?" said Cephise, half reproachfully.

"Was wrong to listen to his declarations," replied the baroness; "Leonie must know nothing of this story, and I'll answer for her future happiness."

"And these are the principles of the *fashionable world!*" thought Cephise.

After enjoying silence upon Cephise in regard to their private conference, the baroness dismissed her to attend the toilette of the intended bride; and as she curtsied and withdrew, the lady of high birth in her own heart acknowledged the

superiority of principle the mechanic's sister possessed over her.

"She is a model of honesty and candor. Oh! if my Evelina resembled her."

The folding doors were thrown open, and a voice was heard announcing the approach of the company.

"They come!"—said the baroness, "away with all traces of anxiety! and put on a face of joy!"

And with that dignified and graceful carriage which she could so well command, the mistress of the mansion received her guests, and bade them welcome, with a face, indeed, of *joy*."

The Counsellor Preval approached her, followed by Henry Decourcy.

"Every thing is in readiness," said the former, "the notary has added his zeal to my haste, you will find it all correct, madam. But where is my son? Surely the bridegroom should not loiter!"

The servant here announced "Monsieur Antoine," who entered the room with a firm step and modest air. His simple grey habiliments attracted general attention, and the whisper from one to the other of "who is he?" reached the ear of the baroness, who replied, "Allow me to introduce to the present assembly an old and worthy friend of my mother's."

"Room for the bride?" and the baroness led forward Leonie, who, after the usual civilities and salutations of the company, whispered to her mother.

"Dear mamma, I have forgotten my bridal bouquet, do bid Cephise bring it to me; she will place it in my bosom much more gracefully than Annette."

The announcement of "Count Preval" caused a general sensation in the different groups, and ladies vied one with the other to catch a look at the handsome bridegroom. The count advanced to the side of Leonie, and in an under tone apologized for his unavoidable delay.

The notary took his seat. The bride and bridegroom, attended by bride-maids took their station in the center of the apartment. At that moment, Cephise entered, the bouquet in her hand, and passing on to where Leonie stood, repaired to her side; raising her eyes, she encountered those of the Count Preval! "Edward?" she shrieked; at the same instant the count exclaimed in astonishment, "Cephise!" both appeared transfixed! "What does this mean?" exclaimed the baroness in a haughty tone. Father Antoine whispered close to her ear—"Tis Evelina! the daughter of my *penitent*!"

The baroness, overcome by the sudden announcement, fell back, deprived of sense, in the arms of her nephew. All was consternation and confusion!

*Chapter Third.—The Mechanic's Triumph.*

Richard Morin ascended the steps leading to the mansion of the counsellor Preval. There was a firmness in his look and manner which ill accorded with his disordered and mechanic-like habiliments. A violent appeal to the knocker brought the valet of the count to the door—a perfumed lacquey to a *fashionable* of the nineteenth century!

"Is Monsieur Preval at home?"

"Monsieur Preval! Do you mean his old lordship?"

"No! the young man!"

"Young man! indeed!" retorted the valet, "you should say *Count* Preval."

"Announce me to him directly!" impatiently continued Richard.

"What can a fellow like you want with his lordship, I should like to know?"

"I'll tell him that myself when I see him! and let that be soon; I want no party with a thing like you."

Dubois, concluding from Richard's manner that he was rather a *determined* character, did not venture a valet-like reply, but said he would go in and see if his master was at home; adding, "he really doubted the fact, as he had ordered not to be disturbed while writing and after that rang for his boots."

Richard gave an impatient wave of the hand, which Dubois thought as well to obey; he turned to ascend the stairs—Richard followed close behind. The valet reached a door which he opened, and looking into an apartment to which it communicated, and finding unoccupied, he turned to descend, and found Richard at his back. "My master is out," said he, "so you will have to call again young man—gentleman."

"I shall not call again! but shall wait here till he comes in, as the surest way of seeing him."

Richard entered the apartment, and throwing himself into a seat waited with a throbbing heart the return of the nobleman.

Dubois looked and wondered—and wondered and looked! and taking his own safety into consideration, determined to withdraw, and, watching his master's arrival, inform him of his strange and determined visitor and Richard found himself alone—in the mansion of his enemy!

"And I am here! in his house! Cephise loves him, spite of his deception, she loves him!—Villian! villian! to wrong a soul like hers! Could I tear out his heart, it would not compensate for the one he has almost broken! I have told her I would lay my life down to see her happy! now is the time to prove my words! Of my mother's secret she is still ignorant, and must remain so! This is no time to deprive her of a brother's right to do her justice! Ah! some one comes!"

The count entered the apartment followed by Dubois. A cloak was wrapped around his person. He inquired quickly of Dubois for his father—"he was out." "Take this cloak, and dismiss that man, I cannot attend to him at present;" and the count seated himself at a table and began to write. Richard heeded not the dismissal. The count finished a hasty note, and giving it in charge to Dubois, bade him deliver it as directed, instantly. Dubois departed.

The count, turning to Richard, demanded his name and business.

"I am a poor mechanic! and have an affair to settle between your lordship and myself!"

"An affair between us!" And the nobleman sneered in derision on the gunsmith! "Who are you?"

"A man!" replied Richard, "and one whom you have seen before."

"Where?" demanded the count.

"At the King's Armory, where you purchased pistols yesterday; you were not alone, you spoke ineptuously—I listened, and in a public warehouse you spoke of your amours, and of a young sempstress who loved you, and whose destruction you deliberately meditated."

"Well, sir, that does not concern you!"

"Ay, but it *does* though!—that girl's name is Cephise Morin; mine, Richard Morin; I am her brother!"

The color receded from the face of the count at the name of his victim! Richard continued,

"Yesterday I knew not whom you meant—to-day my sister has told me all; your bands of marriage are published with Mademoiselle Decourcy; you have promised my sister marriage; which of these two, sir, do you intend to make your wife?"

"Is this the commission your sister has charged you with?" demanded the count.

"My sister, sir, knows nothing of my being here. I left her at home in tears! tears wrung from a broken heart!"

"Young man, I will not attempt to justify my conduct. Young, rich, and without restraint; reared in the midst of pleasure and plenty! joining with the levity of the fashionable world, I sought to add to my consequence by adventures which my reason should have warned me must terminate in wretchedness."

"And," replied Richard, "rich and noble as you are, you sought to corrupt that virtue which was a poor girl's only dowry. And why descend to falsehood to obtain your purpose?"

"Because I loved her, and my rank was above hers."

"A man of *honor* does not meditate the ruin of the girl he *loves*! he makes her his *wife*!"

"When they are equals, yes; but think of the distance between your sister's station and my own."

"I have done so," replied Richard, "you are rich and noble, *she*, poor and virtuous; but, sir, my sister did not go to you and say, 'I am rich, of high rank, can you love me?'" No; she lived peacefully under our humble roof; you sought her out and said; "I am *poor* and *your equal*, will you love me?" She believed and listened to your protestations; you assumed a false name, and wore a dress like mine, to win her love. She loved, not for gold, or rank, but for *yourself*! I am Cephise's brother, sir; mark you! *her brother*! and here I demand to know, is it, or is it not, your intention to wed my sister?"

"I have given sufficient reason why I cannot make her my wife. For her welfare I shall ever be solicitous; and if part of my fortune can repair the error I ——"

"Sir!" interrupted Richard, "all the wealth of your *race*! cannot efface the blush you have caused upon my sister's cheek. Here, sir; here are the pistols you ordered," taking two from his pocket, "I made them: you shall find I can use them also."

"Madman!" exclaimed the count, "you have had your answer."

"Your fashionable education, sir, has made you a scoundrel; do not let me find it has made you a *coward* too!"

At this moment Dubois, out of breath, entered the room.

"Oh, sir, the devil surely is following me in the shape of an enraged colonel. Just as I turned the corner of a street he snatched your note out of my hand, and crack went the seal."

"Villain! traitor!" exclaimed the count.

"So I thought," said the valet.

"Begone," said the exasperated count, "'tis you whom I call traitor; you have betrayed your master; begone, I say;" and the discomfitted valet obeyed his master, as Henry Decourcy, unannounced, made his way into the apartment.

"Sir!" said the count, "by an act of treachery, unbecoming a gentleman, you have *dared* to break a seal, not addressed to yourself."

"I am ready to abide the consequences, sir; we will settle that point after we have adjusted that which so nearly concerns the honor of my family.—What have you to say in extenuation of your intrigue with that poor girl, upon the eve of your marriage with my cousin?"

"Your right to question me, I will not admit, till you have satisfied me for your deliberate insult."

"I will *assume* the right, at my own peril! you have offered to a mistress that love which you proffered to your intended *wife*! 'Tis here written!" and Henry Decourcy dashed the unfolded paper at the feet of the count. "Do you, sir, intend to lead Mademoiselle Decourcy to the altar, or do you not?"

Richard stood back, and anxiously awaited the count's answer.

"My engagement," replied the count, "was made with her mother and herself! and to *them* only will I answer."

"Vain boaster!" said Henry Decourcy, touching the hilt of his sword, "your reply, or I will demand satisfaction at the sword's point."

"You have thrown the gauntlet, sir, and I must stoop for it! You will find I cannot be forced to accept a wife even at the sword's point. You have dictated to me a choice, and I should now indeed, be both a coward and poltroon, did I not at once refuse the hand of Mademoiselle Decourcy."

The count rang the bell—Dubois attended the summons—"My sword!"—He then seated himself at the table and began to write.

"Ah!" thought the mechanic, "their rank entitles them to this mode of redress; were I to demand such, I should be banished from my country!"

Dubois entered with the sword, and handed it to his master, left the room. The count folded the paper he had been writing, and advancing to Richard, held it towards him, with these words,—"Take this paper to your sister; 'tis my voluntary and solemn promise of marriage, should I survive this encounter!"

"Villain!" muttered Henry Decourcy, between his clenched teeth. Richard, with an agitated hand, thrust the paper into his bosom. The count seized his sword from table, and darting a furious look at Henry Decourcy cried—

"Follow me, sir! follow me!"

[Concluded in our next.]

KING JAMES I, once wrote a book in Latin, and sent it to a printer, named Norton, to be published. Norton returned word that he "could not print it, without getting his money first."

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

## QUOTATIONS.

THERE is one class of writers whose whole aim appears to be, to intersperse their disquisitions with quotations. Scarcely a sentence can be framed without being decorated with some prosaic maxim or a beautiful line of poetry. What renders this fact more aggravating, the deed more unpardonable, is that many of these scribblers have only

"Just enough of learning to misquote."

They appear to be in such haste to get their communications before the public, that they cannot stop to examine the original—if indeed they know who the author is,—and thus be enabled to quote *verbatim*, but they take the language as memory hands it to them, and thus, mangled and with the sense not unfrequently destroyed, it comes before the eye of the reading community.

Again, there is often an inappropriateness about these quotations. They are not judiciously selected, nor are they naturally suggested, but are, apparently, dragged in merely to show how versant the writer is with other authors. They have sometimes the appearance of being too weighty, overbending to the young sapling's ideas, resting upon them like a ponderous bird on a slender reed.

Many, who seem to have some good sense, and who might have considerable originality of thought are in the habit of borrowing much of their language—and consequently many ideas—because, as they appear to imagine, it is fashionable. Thus they have worn a few scraps of verse, and some other popular and charmingly expressed thoughts, entirely threadbare by their frequent usage. To talk of the advent of autumn without informing the reader that

"The melancholy days have come,  
the saddest of the year."

at the same time drawing a few moral reflections from the "sere and yellow leaf," would be ridiculously absurd. If the visitation of spring is referred to, we must be told—however plain it may appear to every one who has an eye or an ear—that "the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land"—chiming no doubt with that of the sweet mother of flowers herself—

"I come, I come, ye have called me long."

Should the "school-boy" be spoken of, however peaceful and quiet he may be, with them he is always "whining;" and if reference is made to his teacher, we shall certainly hear that his business is

"To teach the young idea how to shoot."

But we cannot have patience to enumerate the ten thousand quotations, that we see daily from Shakespeare, Pope and Byron, and some others, multitudes of which the reader must have at this moment in his mind. One thing we deeply regret, that many sweet stanzas of poetry and bright truisms, are rendered actually insipid and unpalatable, by their being used as a spice, it is presumed in every dish of mental food which some writers serve up. Those delicious lines from Grey,

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness in the desert air,"

have been used so much in regard to neglected geniuses, that they are scarcely relishable. This remark might be applied to an incalculable host of poetic gems whose virtues are nearly lost by their frequent admixture with baser alloys.

From the lamentable facts herein briefly pointed out, one inference is very readily drawn. Those writers who are *ever* quoting whether correctly or incorrectly, appropriately or inappropriately, discover a want of taste, and are either pedantic or addle-pated.

J. C.

## TRAVELING SKETCHES.

## ASCENT AND DESCENT OF A PYRAMID.

PYRAMIDS may be ascended to their summit, but it is a difficult undertaking. I went from Cairo in company with a party of sixteen, who sat out with this object in view; for the ascent is always made by a company, their mutual aid being indispensable in achieving it. It would be impossible for any man to accomplish it alone. The Pyramid consists of stone, each layer a little narrower than that below it, the whole representing some resemblance to an enormous flight of steps. If these were of the ordinary dimensions, the ascent would be easy, requiring only good legs, a steady head and determined perseverance; but the smallest of these steps are two feet high, and the largest of them five or six. If you should try to climb such a staircase alone, I venture to say you would soon be obliged to give it up. But with assistance it is practicable. We took with us guides and servants, and there were in our company some tall men, others of middle size, and some who were but youths of fifteen or sixteen. We arranged ourselves in line, placing the two boys at either extremity, and the stoutest and heaviest of the company in the center. We chose the hour of midnight, both because the coolness of the night enabled us the better to endure the fatigue, and because we wished to be on the summit at sunrise. We arrived at the foot of the Pyramid when the sun was setting, and reposed ourselves here till the middle of the night. The moon was at full and shone in cloudless splendor on the western front of the Pyramid. In mounting the first twenty or thirty layers, we found comparatively little difficulty, each getting on by his own strength. Then we took one of the boys by his ankles, and standing below, gave him a shove, thus enabling him to mount with little exertion of his own. Having been thus elevated, he would have been very ungrateful had he refused to reciprocate the good office by pulling up in turn the next below him. When two had been thus elevated, they lent their hands to the next, and so on, till one half being up, they could raise the heaviest of the company with ease. Thus we had alternately to push and pull, till we gradually surmounted the whole ascent; but it was so laborious, and we were compelled by fatigue to stop so often, that the journey occupied nearly six hours. We succeeded, however, in attaining the summit before the sun was above the horizon. Arriving there, instead of finding the apex of the Pyramid to be, what it appeared to the eye below a perfect point, we found ourselves on a platform

at least twenty feet square; and out first labor being thus completed, most of us were very glad to lie down to rest.

Before long, however, those of our company who had remained awake, as sentinels of the sun, aroused us with the welcome information that his rising was near. You are aware that as we approach the equator, the duration of twilight becomes less and less. Cairo lies in the latitude of thirty, and there the twilight is comparatively short, and day opens suddenly upon the world. The first indication of its breaking was perceived by us over Mount *Makatty*, or the "Hewn Mountains," (so called from their peculiar shape.) It was a long thin streak of light, extending from one side of the horizon to the other. Its effect was that of a curtain lifted a very little way, but sufficient to make you aware that there is a world of light behind it. The figure is frequent among the poets. "Night's ebon curtains," is a phrase used by Milton, who drew deep from the fountains of nature. The exact effect which we witnessed is given by another poetic figure where they speak of the "opening of the eyelid, of the morning." It was just as if one should hold over beauty asleep, and having watched with admiration its marble composure, should then behold the eyes, those windows of the soul, at length open and at once spread the beams of intelligence over the whole countenance. By and by this streak of liquid light was succeeded by a roseate hue, suffusing itself over that side of the heaven like the blush of Aurora but scarcely continuing long enough to be deliberately contemplated, before it passed into a saffron tinge, whence, among the ancients, the goddess is printed with a saffron vest, and her emblem among the eastern nations is to this day the saffron flower. While we were gazing in delight on this beautiful change, the god of day, the great Apollo himself, suddenly appeared in all the fulness of his orb, dazzling our sight with insufferable brilliance of his rays. This opened up to our view the city of Grand Cairo, which till now had lain in deep shade. It appeared beneath Mount *Makatty*, suddenly breaking into distinct view with all its mosques, minarets, caravanseras, squares and gardens; while the sun threw a flood of glory on the enamelled roofs and slender spires, presenting one of the most picturesque objects on which the eye of a painter could desire to gaze. But, when we turned ourselves to the west, what a contrast did we behold! We had been looking on all the life and beauty, and agricultural riches of the valley of the Nile, and in a moment we beheld nothing but desolation. The Lybian sands stretched themselves interminably before us without mountain, or hillock, or lake, or stream, or tree, or blade of grass, or tent, or camel, or human habitation. Meanwhile the pale and fading moon was dimly seen, receding, with the shades of night, over the desert, like some routed queen with her scattered army before the advance of her triumphant conqueror. In the green landscape on the other, the river glittered like a current of silver flowing among emeralds; while not less than 500 or 600 boats, with their painted Latine sails, were seen gliding along its surface in the cheerful morning ray, "like orient pearls at random strung." These sails are triangular, and are made of cotton, which grows whiter and whiter as it is bleached

by the sun; their snowy brilliancy being still more striking as relieved by the green banks of the river between which they were moving. The scene was impressive, at once beautiful and sublime. Our feet were resting on the oldest monument in the world, from which, as Bonaparte eloquently said in one of his general orders, "forty centuries were looking down with us, upon the wide spread land below." All our toil was now most amply rewarded, nay so ravishing was the spectacle as to be, of itself and alone, well worth the fatigue of a long journey.

After we had feasted our eyes, which seemed as if they could not be satisfied with gazing, the thought suddenly struck us—just as if we had not been previously aware of the fact—"now we must get down again." Strange as it may seem this consideration had never presented itself till now. All our thoughts, anxieties and efforts had been directed towards getting up. The risk or difficulties of the descent had never come into our minds; and when it did come, it brought with it a sudden and painful dejection of spirits. We went to the edge of the platform, and glancing our eyes downward, we recoiled as from a precipice. I do not remember that in any one of the many dangers I have passed through in the course of my travels, I was ever overtaken by such a thorough fright. The sensation produced by looking down from a great height is of itself most powerful and terrifying to many persons. Who has not felt the justice of those celebrated lines of Shakespeare, where he represents one as looking from the edge of Dover cliff?

"How fearful  
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!  
\* \* \* \* I'll look no more,  
Lest my head turn, and the deficient sight  
Topple down headlong."

The balcony of St. Paul's, London is but 350 feet from the pavement below; and yet, for safety, it was deemed necessary to make the railing breast high, and many are still very reluctant to look over it. We were twice that height in the air, and not the frailest barrier surrounded the naked platform where we stood. And we had not only to look over the edge but to go over. We now held a council to deliberate on the mode of descent; whether we should attempt it like men, boldly facing outward, or crawl down in a more timid and ignoble style, going backward, as one descends a ladder. The bold, in such a state of hesitation, usually prevails over the timid and the prudent, and it was accordingly resolved that we should descend with faces looking outward; and so we did; but only for the first four or five steps. The operation proved too hazardous. Should the brain turn for a moment, we might be precipitated at once down the whole flight, the effect of which must be instant death. We clung to the face of each step, shrinking back with dread at every new descent; until, at last, we were fain to turn our backs and creep down the rest of the way with our faces inward. It was a most tedious and fatiguing, as well as a hazardous process. In some cases the layers of stone were of such a height that those of the company who were low of stature could not, even when hanging by their hands, reach the next step with their feet; but after dangling on the edge, were forced to let them-

selves drop; and though their feet might be within two or three inches of the platform, it was nevertheless a very unpleasant thing to let go. Those who had descended before, of course lent their countenance and aid to their more diminutive companions; but with every sort of the mutual assistance we could render each other, we found the descent ten times more arduous and exhausting, than the ascent had proved.—*Buckingham.*

### MISCELLANY.

#### THE "KEY OF DEATH."

In the collections of curiosities preserved in the Arsenal at Venice, there is a key of which the following singular tradition is related:

"About the year 1600, one of those dangerous men to whom extraordinary talent is the only fearful source of crime and wickedness beyond that of ordinary men, came to establish himself as a merchant or trader in Venice. The stranger, whose name was Tebaldo, became enamored of the daughter of an ancient house already affianced to another. He demanded her in marriage, and was of course rejected. Enraged at this he studied how to be revenged. Profoundly skilled in the mechanical arts, he allowed himself no rest until he had invented the most formidable weapon which could be imagined. This was a key of a large size, the handle of which was so constructed that it could be turned round with little difficulty. When turned it discovered a spring, which, on pressure, launched from the other end a needle or lancet of such subtle fineness that it entered into the flesh and buried itself there without leaving external trace. Tebaldo waited in disguise at the door of the church in which the maiden whom he loved was about to receive the nuptial benediction. The assassin sent the slender steel unperceived into the breast of the bridegroom. The wounded man had no suspicion of the injury, but seized with a sudden and sharp pain in the midst of the ceremony, he fainted, and was carried to the house amid the lamentations of the bridal party. Vain was all the skill of the physicians, who could not divine the cause of his illness, and in a very few days he died.

Tebaldo again demanded the hand of the maiden from her parents, and received a second refusal. They, too, perished miserable in a few days. The alarm which these deaths (which appeared almost miraculous,) occasioned, excited the utmost vigilance of the magistrates; and when on close examination of the bodies, the instrument was found in the gangered flesh, terror was universal—every one feared for his own life. The maiden thus cruelly orphaned, had passed the first months of her mourning in a convent, when Tebaldo, hoping to bend her to his will entreated to speak with her at the gate. The face of the foreigner had ever been displeasing to her, but since the death of all those most dear to her had become odious, (as she thought she had a presentiment of his guilt,) and her reply was most decisive in the negative.—Tebaldo beyond himself with rage attempted to wound her through the gate, and succeeded; the obscurity of the place prevented his movements from being observed. On her return to the room the maiden felt a pain in her breast, and on uncov-

ing she found it spotted with a single drop of blood. The pain increased; the surgeon who hastened to her assistance, taught by the past, wasted no time in conjecture, but cutting deep into the wounded part, extricated the needle before any mortal mischief had commenced, and saved the life of the lady. The State Inquisition used every means to discover the hand which had dealt those insidious and irresistible blows. The visit of Tebaldo to the convent caused suspicion to fall heavily upon him. His house was carefully searched, the infamous weapon discovered, and he perished on the gibbet."

### ACCUMULATION.

The philosophy that denounces accumulation is the philosophy of barbarism. It places man below the condition of most of the native tribes on this continent.—No man will voluntarily sow that another may reap. You may place a man in a paradise of plenty on this condition, but its abundance will ripen and decay unheeded. At this moment the fairest regions of the earth—Sicily, Turkey, Africa, the loveliest and most fertile portions of the East; the regions that in ancient times, after feeding their own numerous and mighty cities, nourished Rome and her armies—are occupied by oppress and needy races, whom all the smiles of heaven and the bounties of the earth cannot tempt to strike a spade into the soil, further than is requisite for a scanty supply of necessary food. On the contrary, establish the principal that property is safe—that a man is secure in the possession of his accumulated earnings, and he creates a paradise on the barren earth—Alpine solitudes echo to the lowing of his herds—he builds up his dykes against the ocean, and cultivates a field beneath the level of its waves, and exposes his life fearlessly in sickly jungles and among ferocious savages. Establish the principle that his property is his own, and he seems almost willing to sport with its safety. He trusts it all in a single vessel, and stands calmly by while she unmoors for a voyage of circumnavigation around the globe. He knows that the sovereignty of his country accompanies it with a sort of earthly omnipresence, and guards it as vigilantly in the loneliest island of the Antarctic Sea, as though it were locked in his coffers at home. He is not afraid to send it out upon the common pathway of the ocean, for he knows that the sheltering wings of the law of nations will overshadow it there. He sleeps quietly, though all that he has is borne upon six inches of plank on the bosom of the unfathomed waters; for even if the tempest should bury it in the deep, he has assured himself against ruin, by the agency of those institutions which modern civilization has devised for the purpose of averaging the loss of individuals upon the mass.—*Gov. Everett.*

### ORIGIN OF THE WORD QUIZ.

Very few words ever took such a run, or were saddled with so many meanings as this monosyllable; and however strange the word, it is still more strange that none of our lexicographers, from Bailey to Johnson, ever attempted an explanation, or gave a derivation of it. The reason is very obvious. It is because it has no meaning, nor is it derived from any language in the world

ever known from the Baylonish confusion to this day. When Richard Daly was patentee of the Irish theatre he spent the evening of a Saturday in company with many of the wits and men of fashion of the day; gambling was introduced, when the manager staked a large sum that he would have spoken, all through the principal streets of Dublin, by a certain hour next day, Sunday, a word having no meaning, and being derived from no known language—wagers were laid and stakes deposited. Daly repaired to the theatre, and despatched all the servants and supernumeraries with the word “Quiz,” which they chalked on every door and every shop and window in the town. Shops being shut all next day, every body going to and coming from their different places of worship saw the word, and every body repeated it, so that “Quiz” was heard all through Dublin; the circumstance of so strange a word being on every door and window caused much surprise, and ever since, should a strange story be attempted to be passed current, it draws forth the expression—*you are quizzing me.*

#### MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

I REMEMBER vividly the circumstance of her departure. Consumption had already done its powerful work. Unlike many who are smitten with this disease, she preferred to die in the bosom of her family. Why should the stag, pierced to the heart in its own thicket, seek refuge in the deeper glades to bleed to death? It is a wrong idea this, of searching in a land of strangers for health which is “clean gone forever.” How many are thus yearly cut down in the midst of their wanderings! In some desolate chamber, they lie in the agonies of death. No soft hand presses their brow; no familiar voice whispers in the ear; no cherished friend performs their funeral obsequies. Death is indeed bitter, under such circumstances, being without its usual alleviations. It is a sweet consolation to die at home.

“ On some fond breast the parting soul relies,  
Some plous drops the closing eye requires;  
Even from the tomb the voice of nature cries,  
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.”

There is something dreadful yet beautiful in consumption; it comes stealing on so softly and so silently. It comes, too, in the garb of mockery and deception, and clothes its victims in beautiful garments for the grave. The hectic flush, the snowy brow, the brilliant eye;—who could believe that these were death's precursors? the signet of the conqueror! It invests the patient with a preternatural patience and sweetness under sufferings, keeping alive, at the same time, in her breast the illusion of hope. Even in her moments of keenest sufferings she looks forward to days of returning happiness—and while the worm is forever preying at the core, and her slender form becomes each day more feeble and attenuate, she has before her a gilded prospect, and the mind and spirits are buoyant with the thought. But when the final struggle has at last commenced, how sublime is the spectacle! To behold the immortal mind so calm, so tranquil, and so triumphant—waxing brighter, while the tenement which contains it is but a poor fleshless skeleton—to behold the eye beaming with undiminished lustre toward the objects of its affection, until the soul at

last bursting the charnel vault which has too long confined it, takes one triumphant bound. Then is the body still and silent. The feather is unruffled by the breath, and the glass retains its polish; for dust has returned to dust again, and the spirit unto God who gave it.—*Knickerbocker.*

#### NEATNESS.

EVERY man ought to have his house painted—the door yard fence kept in good repair; a number of beautiful trees set around it; a few pleasant walks laid out around his dwelling; the lanes leading from his house to distant fields shaded with ornamental and useful trees, and the general neatness and comfort universally preserved. However small be his farm he can still have something like this. A little diligence, contrivance and improvement of leisure hours, will give him all these.

The moral effect of these things on his wife and children will be delightful. They will contribute to make a contented and happy home. The child may be taught to love the young tree whose roots he has watered, and which is growing up by his side.

The family will be pleased with their home; and the love of home, and its pleasant localities, will have a healthful influence on the soul.

The library within, and the neatness and taste which surrounds, will be successful rivals to the tavern, and to wild and ruinous companionships. Who knows but what these few suggestions may make some farm houses, which we have seen, look a little more comfortable and attractive?—If they should; if they make one little tree grow, we shall be paid well for writing them.

#### A BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.

THE late eminent judge, Sir Allan Park, once said at a public meeting—“ we are in the midst of blessings, till we are utterly insensible of their greatness, and of the source from which they flow. We speak of our civilization, our arts, our freedom, our laws, and forget entirely, how large a share of all is due to christianity. Blot christianity from the page of man's history, and what his laws have been—and what his civilization. Christianity is mixed up with our very being and our daily life; there is not a familiar object around which does not wear a mark, not a being or thing which does not wear a different aspect, because the light of christian hope is on it, not a law which does not owe its truth and gentleness to christianity, nor a custom which cannot be traced in all its holy and healthful parts to the gospel.”

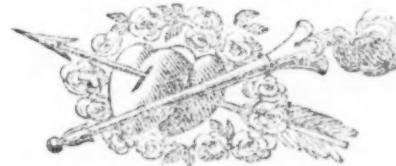
A FEELER.—A surgeon and a lawyer, had very little good feeling towards each other, and the following conversation took place: “ If,” asked the surgeon, “ a neighbor's dog destroys my ducks, can I recover damages by law?” “ Certainly,” replied the lawyer, “ you can recover. Pray what are the circumstances?” “ Why, sir, your dog last night, destroyed two of my ducks.”—“ Indeed, then, you certainly can recover the damages, what is the amount? I'll instantly discharge it.” “ Four shillings and sixpence,” chuckled the surgeon.—“ And my fee for attending and advising you is six shillings and eightpence,” responded the attorney, “ and unless you immediately pay the same my conduct will be *suit-able.*”

ANECDOTE.—We once knew a man who on his return from a public meeting, burst open his door in a rage, upset his children, kicked his dog, hurled his hat behind the grate with the ferocity of a chased tiger. “ What's the matter, my dear?” said his amazed wife. “ Matter! roared the angry husband, matter enough! Neighbor B. has publicly called me a liar!” “ Oh never mind that, my dear,” replied the good woman; “ he can't prove it, and you know nobody will believe him.” “ Prove it, you fool!” roared the madman, more furiously than before, “ he did prove it! He brought witnesses and *proved it on the spot!*”

#### Letters Containing Remittances,

*Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.*

C. B. North Granville, N. Y. \$5.00; C. W. B. Cincinnati, O. \$10.00; G. E. F. Victor, N. Y. \$1.00; A. H. Alexander, N. Y. \$1.00; J. F. G. Franklinville, N. Y. \$1.00; G. P. W. Montpelier, Vt. \$15.00; P. M. Stockport, N. Y. \$4.00; M. H. Lexington Heights, N. Y. \$1.00; H. C. Cairo, N. Y. \$1.00; R. A. F. Cazenovia, N. Y. \$1.00; O. H. Union Society, N. Y. \$5.00; H. C. Stuyvesant Landing, N. Y. \$1.00; A. E. Troy, N. Y. \$2.00; D. F. Kinderhook, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Vandalia, Ill. \$2.00; F. L. G. Lanesborough, Ms. \$1.00; P. M. Blooming Grove, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Stockbridge, N. Y. \$2.00; O. H. New Marlborough, Ms. \$1.00; W. W. R. Greenwich, N. Y. \$1.00; C. D. Brattleborough, Vt. \$1.00; S. L. C. Dummerston, Vt. \$1.00; S. F. Jr. Springfield, Ms. \$1.00; P. M. Norwich, N. Y. \$2.00; S. H. Factory Point, Vt. \$1.00; E. M. Palatine, N. Y. \$1.00; T. H. S. Amsterdam, N. Y. \$1.00; F. S. T. Townsend, Vt. \$1.00; D. L. P. Gilboa, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. West Stockbridge Center, Ms. \$1.00; F. A. B. Peckskill, N. Y. \$1.00; S. W. Peckskill, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Moretown, Vt. \$2.00; D. C. L. Cato 4 Corners, N. Y. \$10.00; H. M. S. Columbus, N. Y. \$1.00; C. M. Watervliet, N. Y. \$1.00; D. S. D. Albion, N. Y. \$1.00; E. G. S. Rushville, N. Y. \$1.00; G. C. Brattleboro', Vt. \$3.00; A. B. F. Ontario, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Gorham, N. Y. \$5.00; O. R. B. Pittsfield, Ms. \$5.00; A. F. H. Fort Edward, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Berlin, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Hinsdale, Ms. \$3.00; P. C. S. Waterbury, Vt. \$12.00; P. M. Collins, N. Y. \$5.00; P. R. Conesus, N. Y. \$1.00; R. J. W. Coehoes, N. Y. \$1.00; J. H. Sheiburne Falls, Ms. \$1.00; A. K. Cortland Village, N. Y. \$1.00; D. N. G. Gilbert's Ville, N. Y. \$1.00; T. S. B. Comstock's Landing, N. Y. \$10.00; A. L. J. Hanford's Landing, N. Y. \$0.62; T. E. T. Wayne's Ville, Ga. \$1.00; P. M. Cassville, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Potsdam, N. Y. \$2.00; E. W. M. Martville, N. Y. \$0.81; A. D. C. West Stockbridge, Ms. \$1.00; S. H. Schaghticoke, N. Y. \$1.00; T. S. Greenfield, Ms. \$1.00; A. A. E. Shelby, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Hartford, Ct. \$2.00; P. M. Bushirk's Bridge, N. Y. \$10.00; P. M. Whitney's Valley, N. Y. \$5.00; G. C. Oswego, N. Y. \$1.00; W. S. C. Beaufort, S. C. \$1.00; S. T. F. Cornwall Bridge, Ct. \$1.00; M. H. Bath, N. Y. \$1.00; J. B. L. C. Smyrna, N. Y. \$1.00; J. B. Andilla, Mich. \$1.00; S. H. Upper Lisle, N. Y. \$1.00; J. W. S. North Bennington, Vt. \$3.00; S. D. K. Bloomingdale, Ill. \$1.00; F. C. Niagara, U. C. \$5.00; J. B. R. Elmira, N. Y. \$5.00; M. E. H. South Hartford, N. Y. \$1.00; M. M. W. Baldwinsville, N. Y. \$1.00; A. R. Westminster, Vt. \$1.00; G. C. B. Yonkers, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Northumberland, N. Y. \$2.00; T. C. E. Fayetteville, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Castleton, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. North White Creek, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Brandon, Vt. \$1.00; S. H. C. Harrisburgh, Pa. \$1.00; P. C. Greenport, N. Y. \$1.00; S. W. Livonia, N. Y. \$1.00; H. B. North-east, N. Y. \$1.00.



#### Arrived,

In this city, on the 26th ult. by the Rev. J. B. Waterbury, Mr. Jeffrey Decker to Miss Emeline, daughter of Mr. T. B. Peiry, all of this city.

On the 15th ult. by the Rev. Thomas M. Smith, Allen H. Jordan, M. D. of Egremont, Mass. to Miss Ann H. daughter of Mr. John Powers, of Catskill.

At Mellenville, on the 13th ult. by the Rev. J. Berger, Mr. Sylvester Meliots to Miss Melenna Howard, both of Ghent.

#### Deb't,

In this city, on the 20th ult. Walter, son of Mr. Samuel and Altana Wescott, in the 3d year of his age.

At Athens, on the 15th ult. of Scarlet Fever, D. Casey Osborne, aged 4 years; and on the 17th ult. W. Hallenbeck Osborne, aged 2 years, sons of Orrin E. Osborne, Esq.

In Austerlitz, on the 15th ult. Mrs. Sarah Brewer, widow of the late Joshua Brewer, of Tyringham, Mass. in the 69th year of her age.



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

TO —.

THE sky of June has tinged the lake!  
And lo!—upon its breast—  
A barque, gently careering,  
Uprears its snowy crest;  
A radiant halo waking  
The tranquil waters o'er—  
O, seems it not a voyager,  
From some bright unknown shore?

The tiny jeweled waves come round,  
Half murmur and half song;  
And strange, gay birds, alighting,  
Their melodies prolong;  
While to yon distant fairy isle,  
It points its gladdened way,  
In beauty and in loveliness,  
O'er ripple and mid spray.

Fair lady, may the barque that bears  
Thy being o'er life's sea,  
E'er so, be wafted brightly on—  
In trusting fondness, free!  
No wayward breath disturbing,  
By no rude billow pressed,  
As thou calmly speedest onward,  
To you haven-bower of rest!

Fairfield Academy.

J. M.

For the Rural Repository.

TO MY SISTER,

*On the Birth of her First Son.*

BY THE REV. S. S. MALLERY.

BEHOLD, dear sister, that sweet babe,  
Now smiling in thy arms,  
Who feels, while on thy bosom laid,  
Secure from every harm.

I know the fondness of thy love  
Must thrill thy heart with joy,  
And he will all thy fullness prove—  
That first-born darling boy!

Regard him as a precious gift,  
That God to thee has given;  
And let it be thy pleasing task  
To train him up for heaven.

Be it thy duty and delight,  
His early thoughts to guide;  
Teach him to walk in Wisdom's way,  
Nor from it turn aside.

Like him of old, whose name he bears,  
May he in favor grow,  
And as the child of many prayers,  
The God of Samuel know.

Blest with a tender father's love—  
Crowned with a mother's joy,  
May he to both a blessing prove—  
That first-born darling boy!

THE STRICKEN KING.

BY MISS JEWESBURY.

A KING sat on his stately throne,  
His people round him bowed;  
He was an old and mighty one—  
Gorgeous, and fierce, and proud,

The friend of many kings was he,  
And oft, with kings for foes,  
He quaffed to death and victory,  
Where the wine of battle flows.  
Blood stained him in his early age,  
Blood steeped his latter day;  
He had been a lion in his rage,  
A tiger in his play.

The king put on his royalty,  
The people shouted loud;  
They knew not it was vanity—  
He felt not 'twas a shroud.  
He glittered in the noon-day sun,  
With golden crown and rod;  
They hailed him the Eternal One,  
And shouted forth—“A God!”  
No angry thunder muttered “Nay,”  
The sun shone as before,  
Yet woe for Syrian holiday!  
Woe, woe, for evermore!

The king is on his dying bed,  
Ere stars are in the sky,  
And he that was a God they said,  
Must like a Lazar die.  
He hath torture for his royal pall,  
And terror for his throne;  
Grim crimes like spectres on the wall,  
And a heart like burning stone;  
And fears of what he cannot see,  
And sense of Syria's scorn;—  
He hath these for glittering company  
That thronged him in the morn!

## MIDNIGHT MUSIC.

BY MRS. L. H. FIGOURNET.

“The Rev. Mr. GEORGE HERBERT, in one of his walks to Salisbury, to join a musical society, saw a poor man with a poorer horse, that had fallen under his load. Putting off his canonical coat, he helped him to unload, and afterwards to load his horse. The poor man blessed him for it, and he blessed the poor man. And so like was he to the good Samaritan, that he gave him money to refresh both himself and his horse, at the same time admonished him, that ‘if he loved himself, he should be merciful to his poor beast.’

“So, leaving the poor man, and coming unto his musical friends at Salisbury, they began to wonder, that Mr. G. Herbert, who used always to be so trim and clean, should come into that company so soiled and discomposed; but he told them the reason, and one of them said to him, ‘he had disparaged himself by so mean an employment.’ his answer was, that ‘he thought what he had done would prove music to him at midnight, and that the omission of it would have made discord in his conscience, whenever he should pass by the place.’ ‘For if,’ said he, ‘I am bound to pray for all who are in distress, I am surely bound, as far as it is in my power, to practice what I pray for. And though I do not wish for the occasion every day, yet, let me tell you, I would not willingly pass one day of my life, without comforting a sad soul, or showing mercy; and I bless God for this opportunity. So now let us tune our instruments.’”

WHAT maketh music, when the bird  
Doth hush its merry lay,  
And the sweet spirit of the flowers  
Hath sighed itself away?

What maketh music, when the frost  
Doth chain the murmuring rill,  
And every song that summer woke,  
In winter's trance is still?

What maketh music, when the winds  
To hoarse encounter rise,  
When Ocean strikes his thunder-gong,  
And the rent-cloud replies?  
When no adventurous planet dares,  
The midnight arch to deck,

And in its startling dream the babe  
Doth clasp its mother's neck?

But when the fiercer storms of life  
Do o'er the pilgrim sweep,  
And earthquake voices claim the hopes  
He treasured long and deep,  
When loud the threatening passions roar,  
Like lions in their den,  
And vengeful tempests lash the shore—  
What maketh music then?

The deed to humble Virtue born,  
Which nursing memory taught  
To shun the boastful world's applause,  
And love the lowly thought—  
This builds a cell within the heart,  
Amid the weeds of care,  
And turning high its heaven-strung harp,  
Doth make sweet music there.

## BEAUTY AND TIME.

BY MRS. PARDOE.

BEAUTY went out one summer day,

To love in Pleasure's bower;  
And much she sported in her way  
With every opening flower.  
At length she reached a myrtle shade,  
And through the branches peeping,  
She saw among the blossoms laid,  
Time, most profoundly sleeping.

His head was pillow'd on his wings,  
For he had furled his pinions,  
To linger with the lovely things  
In Pleasure's bright dominions;  
His scythe and glass aside were cast—  
“How softly he repose!”  
Cried Beauty, as she idly past,  
And covered him with roses.

Time awoke:—“Away!” he kindly said;

“Go trifle with the Graces;  
You know that I was never made  
To toy with pretty faces.

‘Tis pleasant in so sweet a clime  
To rest a while from duty;

I'll sleep a little more,” said Time,  
“No, do wake up!” said Beauty.

He rose; but he was grim and old;  
She felt her roses wither;

His scythe upon her heart was cold,  
His hour glass made her shiver:

Her young cheeks shrank, her hair turned gray,  
Of grace he had bereft her;

And when he saw her droop away,  
He spread his wings and left her.

And thus I point my rhyme,—  
It is the minstrel's duty;—

Beauty should never sport with Time,  
Time always withers Beauty!

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